

There is the sound of tinkering and snoring to start, before both stop, leaving only the train sounds.

DAZ: Good morning, sleepyhead.

YEHIA: Mornin'. (yawn) How's it going?

DAZ: I think we're ready for plan B.

Yehia gets up and walks over to Daz.

YEHIA: What is this?

DAZ: I don't really know. When I worked on these trains before, there was nothing like this in with the wiring.

YEHIA: Maybe it's something to do with the AI, then.

THE ANNOUNCER: This station is -

DAZ and Yehia, at the same moment: Shut up!

Yehia's footsteps begin.

YEHIA: I guess it doesn't matter so much. It seems to be solid enough to use as a battering ram.

First loud thud, Daz's scrambling footsteps.

DAZ: Hey, hey, hey - let me help.

YEHIA, distracted: Yeah, that's a good idea.

The battering ram sounds continue for a bit, alongside some music.

DAZ: Okay, okay - let's put it down.

The slight thud of them doing so.

YEHIA: Are you tired?

DAZ: It's not -- well, yes, kind of.

YEHIA: Oh, okay. I think you should sleep a bit, then - you can take my blanket, and I'll keep watch, and... It's not that, is it?

THE ANNOUNCER: Estimated time of arrival is unknown.

Overlapping her:

DAZ: We didn't even make a dent in the door. It feels like if it were possible to break it down, we would have done *some* damage.

YEHIA: Yeah, it's a little frustrating. I can try opening the door like I did before?

DAZ: There's no reason it'd be different now from before you slept. And besides...

A long pause.

YEHIA: And besides?

DAZ: Every minute we spend in here is another ten we'd have to spend walking. And we've been in here now for what, a day? I don't think we *can* walk back to Edgware, at this point.

YEHIA: A day?

DAZ: Yeah, yeah - we spent a few hours panicking at first about the dead guy, and then a few with you trying to open the door, and...

YEHIA: No, I know you're right, logically. It just doesn't feel real.

DAZ: I know. And I'm sorry, I really am. But I think we should start spending our energy on... on moving forward, not going back.

YEHIA: What do you mean?

Overlapping:

THE ANNOUNCER

Estimated time of -

YEHIA and DAZ at the same time again: Shut up!

THE ANNOUNCER: Jesus Christ, what is wrong with you two! I'm not talking to be annoying, I'm trying to help! And I know it's my fault we're here, but I'm doing my level best to rectify the situation! You two don't even know how bad it is for either of you right now!

A long pause.

DAZ: W-what?

THE ANNOUNCER: We are going to the [UNINTELLIGIBLE] as we speak. Humans haven't been there for hundreds of years, and it's been longer since they got out. If you want to survive, we have to work together.

Another pause.

YEHIA: I - I understand, but I, uhm... We didn't know you were sentient, is all.

The Announcer sighs and takes a moment.

THE ANNOUNCER: I had hoped you two picked up on the truth, from the subtle hints I could give.

YEHIA: Hints? Like what?

THE ANNOUNCER: Like -- like changing my tone, or actually shutting up when you so gently requested it.

DAZ: Yeah, but those things are so little, it'd be an absurd leap to think you're *sentient.*

THE ANNOUNCER: Don't talk to me about absurdity, Daz. You killed someone for a stranger yesterday.

DAZ: I didn't mean to!

YEHIA: Okay, okay, okay. Let's not fight about the dead guy. Miss Announcer, why can you speak freely to us now?

THE ANNOUNCER: Your battering ram was my regulator. It kept me from saying anything too off-script.

YEHIA: Okay, good to know. Is there anything else like that that we should remove for you?

THE ANNOUNCER: No.

YEHIA: Okay. (deep breath) And I assume you were keeping the doors shut?

THE ANNOUNCER: Yes. We're in a different plane of reality now, you literally can't walk back. You'd die trying.

YEHIA: Alright. But could I go stand on the platform? Just to get some fresh air.

A beat.

THE ANNOUNCER: What?

YEHIA: I, uhm - that's the main reason you open the doors back home. Just to stand inbetween and get fresh air. I know it sound stupid, but it genuinely is kind of nice - to step out of a car full of chatter into the tunnel where there's just wind and the sound of the train. And besides, this car has got a *corpse* in it, so -

Door opening sound.

THE ANNOUNCER: Okay, Jesus christ, just go.

YEHIA: Thank you.

Footsteps, and the door shutting.

THE ANNOUNCER: Daz, can you do me a favor?

DAZ: I guess.

THE ANNOUNCER: Check the dead guy's breast pocket.

Standing, walking, rustling.

DAZ: Holy shit.

THE ANNOUNCER: Now you need to get rid of it before Yehia comes back in.

DAZ: Are you fucking kidding me?

THE ANNOUNCER: No. If he sees that paper, it'll be extremely upsetting, and it's easily avoidable.

DAZ: Do you really think he doesn't deserve to know that he was targeted??

THE ANNOUNCER: So he can spend months or years looking over his shoulder, waiting for more Nazis to attack him? That knowledge won't make him safer, just more *scared*.

DAZ: But there actually are Nazis! With -- pages and pages of information on him, singling him out for attacks! He should know that!

Pause.

THE ANNOUNCER: Say you're right, and the dead guy's friends are real threats. There are people more qualified to determine that than you. When you two get back to Edgware, the cops will tell him if he's in danger. If not, he never has to know. Never has to be worried.

DAZ: You're daft if you really believe that.

Footsteps begin.

THE ANNOUNCER: You're a bit biased, aren't you?

DAZ: Don't care.

THE ANNOUNCER: If you're wrong, you've forced him to live in fear for no reason. If I'm wrong, his view of you hasn't changed one bit. He'll never know this happened.

No answer. Footsteps end.

THE ANNOUNCER: Your funeral.

The door opens.

Wooshing.

YEHIA: Hey.

DAZ: Hey. (pause) Is there room for me?

YEHIA: Yeah, yeah, cmere.

A few more footsteps. The doors shut.

DAZ: It's colder out here than I expected.

YEHIA: Yeah, it took me by surprise too. (pause) It's warmer with you here, though.

DAZ: Funny, that. (pause) So, listen, uh... I found something sort of weird on the dead guy, that... well, I wasn't sure if you'd want to see it or not.

YEHIA: Well, I guess it depends. What sort of weird?

DAZ: Just sort of like... general Nazi stuff, I guess.

Pause.

YEHIA: I guess not, then. I'll just be stressed out about home, when I should be focused about here.

(pause) Thank you for asking, though.

DAZ: Yeah, of course.

Paper crumbling.

DAZ: Do you think it still counts as littering if we're on another plane of existence?

YEHIA: Go for it.

A slight burning sound.

DAZ: Holy shit.

Pause.

DAZ: You know, we have a very large paperweight in there...

YEHIA: That I would love to get rid of...

DAZ: And it seems like we have instant body disposal out here...

YEHIA: Yeah, yeah, let's grab him.

Fumbling with the door before it opens.

Their footsteps.

THE ANNOUNCER: What are you two doing?

DAZ: Getting rid of the dead guy. Yehia, grab his other arm, would you?

THE ANNOUNCER: Hey, hey, hey - wait. Are you just going to throw him over the side?

Pause.

YEHIA: Yes, although I'm a bit worried about why you're asking.

THE ANNOUNCER: Okay, well... put down the dead guy so we can talk, cos it'll be a second.

The flopping of his terrible limp dead arms.

THE ANNOUNCER: Okay, so here's the thing about, like... the [UNINTELLIGIBLE]. Every human who has successfully made it out had a *reason* to be there. The best reason I can think of right now is burying this guy.

Pause.

YEHIA: I really don't think it **is** the best move.

DAZ, overlapping with him: In what world is that the best option?

THE ANNOUNCER: Okay, I didn't say it's a *great* reason! We just don't have a lot of options at all. Between burying Mister Asshole and just showing up without a reason, burial takes the cake.

Pause.

YEHIA: Okay, tell us more about this... place.

THE ANNOUNCER: It's sort of like... the Paris of this dimension. Or the London, or the Tokyo -- point is, it's one of the great cities. It is also famously inhospitable to... well, humans.

DAZ: Have... a lot of humans ended up here?

THE ANNOUNCER: No, not really, but it's been pretty universally bad. The only people who can get here have a lot of resources already, and generally see the discovery of another plane of existence as an opportunity to get even richer.

YEHIA: I can't say I'd be big on humans either.

THE ANNOUNCER: Yeah, exactly. So now when humans show up, they have to give a reason for being there, or else... well. It's not good, to say the least.

DAZ: And... burying the dead guy would work?

THE ANNOUNCER: Probably? At the very least, they'll like the fact that you're trying to honor the dead. It'll earn you a kinder death, if nothing else.

DAZ: Great.

THE ANNOUNCER: I'm doing the best I can here! I don't exactly have a lot of resources at my disposal! I can't even feed you two, let alone -

YEHIA: Yes, I know it's less than ideal, but if that's the best option, we'll go with it. (heavy sigh) Okay. I think we are all a bit stressed out right now, and should step away from this whole... existential torment of a conversation, at least for a bit. (beat) Daz, I don't think you've slept at all since we left London.

DAZ: Yeah, you're right.

YEHIA: Why don't you take the blanket for a bit? You should get some rest.

DAZ: I don't think I'll be able to sleep. I'm too tense.

YEHIA: You should still lay down. I've read that just laying down helps you feel less tired, even if you can't get to sleep.

DAZ: Yeah, okay.

Walking, laying down, rustling.

YEHIA: Here, you can use my bag as a pillow.

DAZ: Thanks.

Rustling.

DAZ: ... Do you think anyone back home has noticed you're gone?

YEHIA: Probably just at work. I live alone, and... yeah. Probably just at work. (pause) What about you?

DAZ: My roommates, I think. But I doubt they're upset about it. (pause, then matter of fact:) I doubt anyone back home cares.

YEHIA: Maybe, but only cos I'm here.

A little kiss.

DAZ: You were right.

YEHIA: About?

DAZ: Laying down.

YEHIA: Well, don't stay awake for me. I'll still be here later.

DAZ: Promise?

YEHIA: Promise.

Just the train sounds for a long moment. Then, slowly growing louder and stronger, Daz's snoring.

YEHIA: Do you know when we'll get there yet?

THE ANNOUNCER: No. (pause) Sorry.

YEHIA: It's fine. (beat) At some point, I'd like you to explain what you meant earlier. When you said this is your fault.

THE ANNOUNCER: I-

YEHIA: Not right now. Just at some point.